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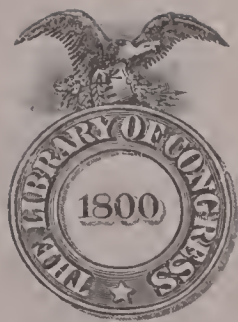
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MARRIAGE GOLD GARDEN



BY  
KATE GREENAWAY

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MARIGOLD GARDEN



BY KATE GREENAWAY

10



YOU little girl,  
You little boy,  
With wondering eyes,  
That kindly look,  
In honour of  
Two noble names  
I send the offering  
Of this book.







# MARIGOLD GARDEN







# MARIGOLD GARDEN

Pictures and Rhymes

By

KATE GREENAWAY

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SUSAN BLUE.

OH, Susan Blue,  
How do you do?  
Please may I go for a walk with you?  
Where shall we go?  
Oh, I know—  
Down in the meadow where the cowslips grow!





## BLUE SHOES.

LITTLE Blue Shoes  
Mustn't go  
Very far alone, you know.  
Else she'll fall down,  
Or, lose her way ;  
Fancy—what  
Would mamma say?  
Better put her little hand  
Under sister's wise command.  
When she's a little older grown  
Blue Shoes may go quite alone.



16

### STREET SHOW.

PUFF, puff, puff. How the trumpets blow.  
All you little boys and girls come and see  
the show.

One—two—three, the Cat runs up the  
tree ;

But the little Bird he flies away—

“She hasn’t got me !”







TO THE SUN DOOR.

THEY saw it rise in the morning,  
They saw it set at night,  
And they longed to go and see it.  
Ah! if they only might.

The little soft white clouds heard them,  
And stepped from out of the blue ;  
And each laid a little child softly  
Upon its bosom of dew.

And they carried them higher and higher,  
And they nothing knew any more.  
Until they were standing waiting,  
In front of the round gold door.

And they knocked, and called, and entreated,  
Whoever should be within ;  
But all to no purpose, for no one  
Would hearken to let them in.



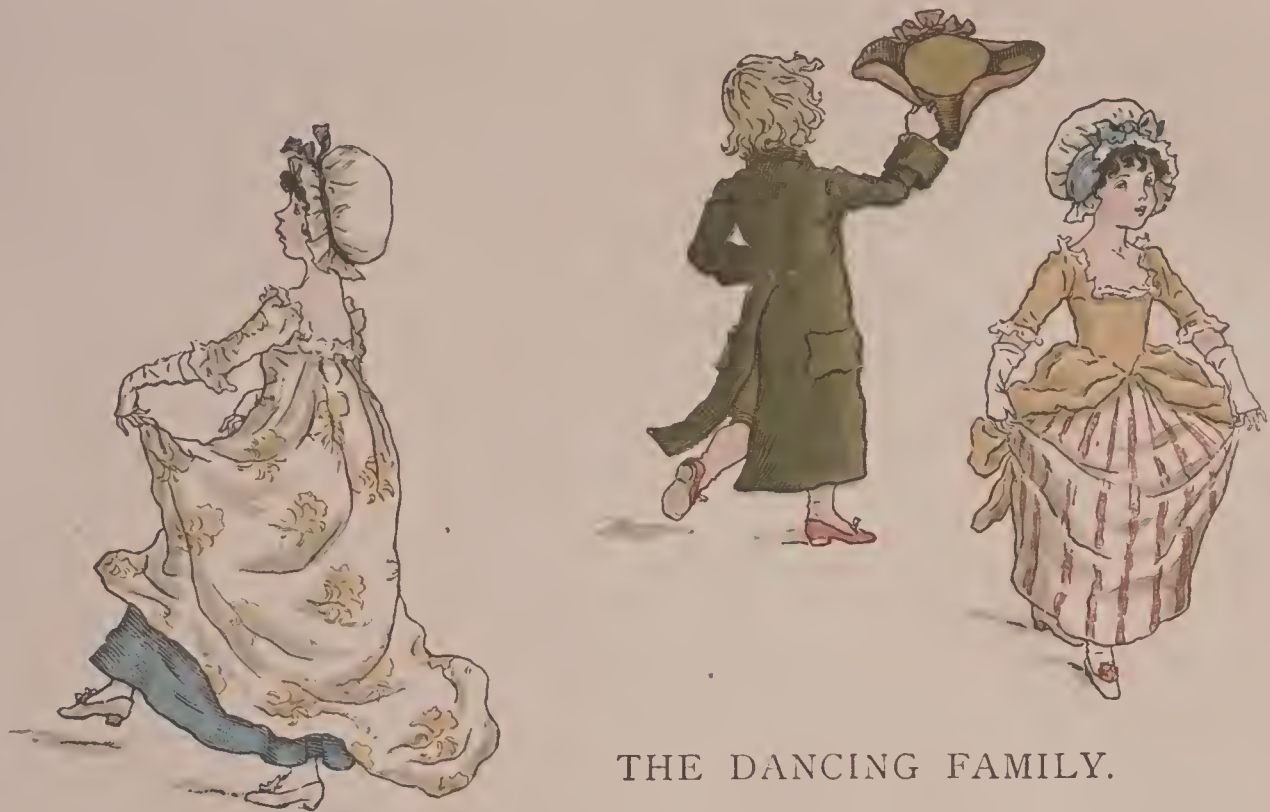




THE DAISIES.

YOU very fine Miss Molly,  
What will the daisies say,  
If you carry home so many  
Of their little friends to-day?

Perhaps you take a sister,  
Perhaps you take a brother.  
Or two little daisies who  
Were fond of one another.



### THE DANCING FAMILY.

PRAY let me introduce you to  
This little dancing family ;  
For morning afternoon, and night,  
They danced away so happily.

They twirled round about,  
They turned their toes out ;  
The people wondered what the noise  
Could all be about.





They danced from early morning,  
Till very late at night ;  
Both in-doors and out-of-doors,  
With very great delight.

And every sort of dance they knew,  
From every country far away ;  
And so it was no wonder that  
They should keep dancing all the day.

So dancing—dancing—dancing,  
In sunshine or in rain ;  
And when they all left off,  
Why then—they all began again.





### GOING TO SEE GRANDMAMMA.

LITTLE Molly and Damon  
Are walking so far,  
For they're going to see  
Their kind Grandmamma.

And they very well know,  
When they get there she'll take  
From out of her cupboard  
Some very nice cake.

And into her garden  
They know they may run,  
And pick some red currants,  
And have lots of fun.

So Damon to doggie  
Says, "How do you do?"  
And asks his mamma  
If he may not go too.



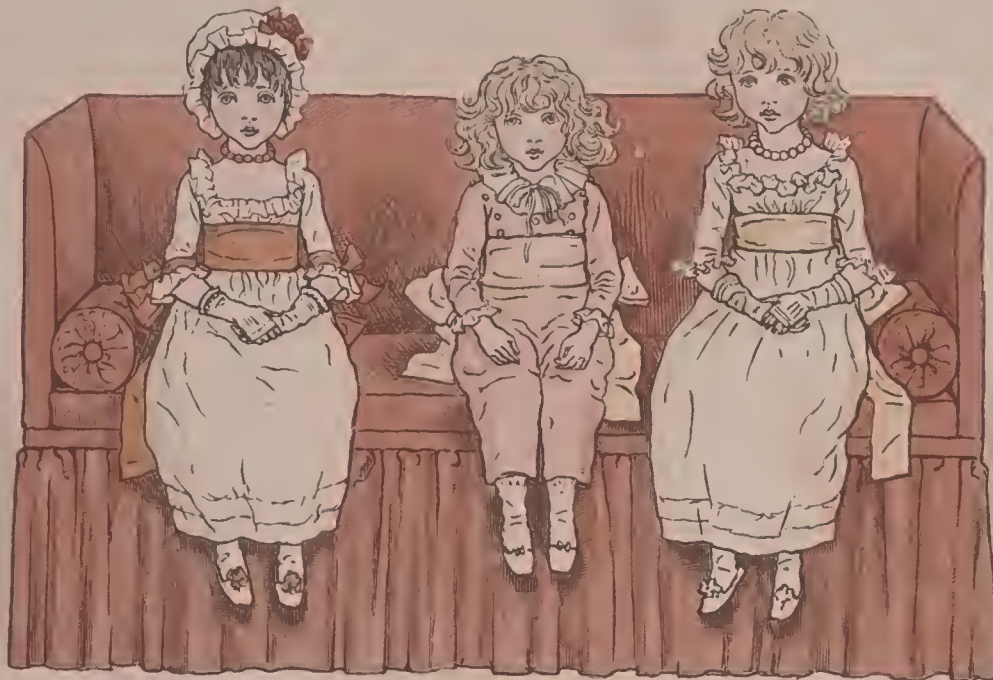
### WISHES.

OH, if you were a little boy,  
And I was a little girl—  
Why you would have some whiskers grow,  
And then my hair would curl.

Ah! if I could have whiskers grow,  
I'd let you have my curls ;  
But what's the use of wishing it—  
Boys never can be girls.







### FIRST ARRIVALS.

IT is a Party, do you know,  
And there they sit, all in a row,  
Waiting till the others come,  
To begin to have some fun.

Hark! the bell rings sharp and clear,  
Other little friends appear ;  
And no longer all alone  
They begin to feel at home.

To them a little hard is Fate,  
Yet better early than too late ;  
Fancy getting there forlorn,  
With the tea and cake all gone.

Wonder what they'll have for tea ;  
Hope the jam is strawberry.  
Wonder what the dance and game ;  
Feel so very glad they came.

Very Happy may you be,  
May you much enjoy your tea.





WHEN WE WENT OUT WITH GRANDMAMMA.

WHEN we went out with Grandmamma—  
Mamma said for a treat—  
Oh, dear, how stiff we had to walk  
As we went down the street.

One on each side we had to go,  
And never laugh or loll ;  
I carried Prim, her Spaniard dog,  
And Tom—her parasol.

If *I* looked right—if *Tom* looked left—  
“Tom—Susan—I’m ashamed ;  
And little Prim, I’m sure, is shocked,  
To hear such naughties named.”

She said we had no manners,  
If we ever talked or sung ;  
“You should have seen,” said Grand-  
mamma,  
“*Me* walk, when *I* was young.”

She told us—oh, so often—  
How little girls and boys,  
In the good days when she was young,  
Never made any noise.

She said they never wished then  
To play—oh, no, indeed !  
They learnt to sew and needlework,  
Or else to write and read.

She said her mother never let  
Her speak a word at meals ;  
“But now,” said Grandmamma, “you’d  
think  
That children’s tongues had wheels

“So fast they go—clack, clack, clack, clack ;  
Now listen well, I pray,  
And let me see you both improve  
From what I’ve said to-day.”



TO MYSTERY LAND.

OH, dear, how will it end ?  
Peggy and Susie how naughty  
you are.

You little know where you are,  
Going so far, and so high,  
Nearly up to the sky.

Perhaps it's a Giant who  
lives there,  
And perhaps it's a lovely  
Princess.

But you very well know  
You've no business to go ;  
You'll get yourselves into a mess.

Oh, dear, I'm sure it is true ;  
Whatever on earth can it matter  
to you ?

For you know it—oh, fie—  
That it's naughty to pry  
Into other's affairs—  
Into other folks houses to go,  
Where you know  
You're not asked.

So you'd better come back  
While there's time, it is plain.  
Go home—and be never  
So naughty again.





FROM MARKET.

OH who'll give us Posies,  
And Garlands of Roses,  
To twine round our heads so gay?  
For here we come singing,  
And here we come bringing  
You many good wishes to-day.  
From market—from market—from market—  
We all come up from market.





### LITTLE PHILLIS.

I AM a very little girl,  
I think that I've turned two ;  
And if you'd like to know my name  
I'd like to tell it you.

They always call me baby,  
But Phillis is my name.  
No—no one ever gave it me,  
I think it only came.

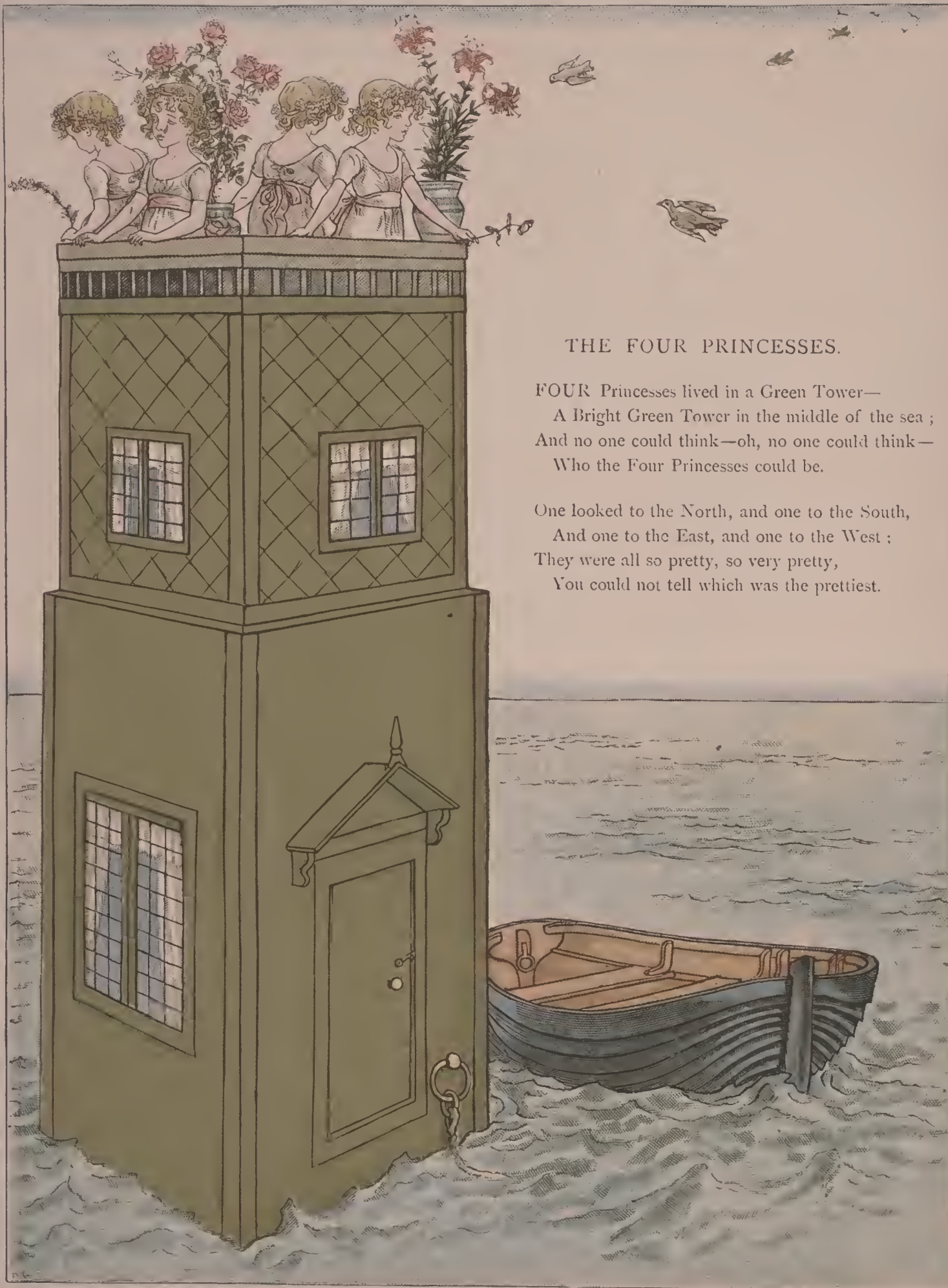
I've got a pretty tulip  
In my little flower-bed ;  
If you would like I'll give it you—  
It's yellow, striped with red.

I've got a little kitten, but  
I can't give that away,  
She likes to play with me *so* much ;  
She's gone to sleep to-day.

And I've got a nice new dolly,  
Shall I fetch her out to you ?  
She's got such pretty shoes on,  
And her bonnet's trimmed with blue.

You'd like to take her home with you ?  
Oh, *no*, she mustn't go ;  
Good-bye—I want to run now,  
You walk along so slow.





### THE FOUR PRINCESSES.

FOUR Princesses lived in a Green Tower—  
A Bright Green Tower in the middle of the sea ;  
And no one could think—oh, no one could think—  
Who the Four Princesses could be.

One looked to the North, and one to the South,  
And one to the East, and one to the West ;  
They were all so pretty, so very pretty,  
You could not tell which was the prettiest.



Their curls were golden—their eyes were blue,  
And their voices were sweet as a silvery bell ;  
And four white birds around them flew,  
But where they came from—*who* could tell ?

Oh, who could tell ? for no one knew,  
And not a word could you hear them say.  
But the sound of their singing, like church bells ringing,  
Would sweetly float as they passed away.

For under the sun, and under the stars,  
They often sailed on the distant sea ;  
Then in their Green Tower and Roses bower  
They lived again—a mystery.



WHEN YOU AND I GROW UP.

WHEN you and I  
Grow up—Polly—

I mean that you and me,  
Shall go sailing in a big ship  
Right over all the sea.

We'll wait till we are older,  
For if we went to-day,  
You know that we might lose ourselves,  
And never find the way.





### IN AN APPLE TREE.

IN September, when the apples are red,  
To Belinda I said,  
“Would you like to go away  
To Heaven, or stay  
Here in this orchard full of trees  
All your life?” And she said, “If you please  
I’ll stay here—where I know,  
And the flowers grow.”

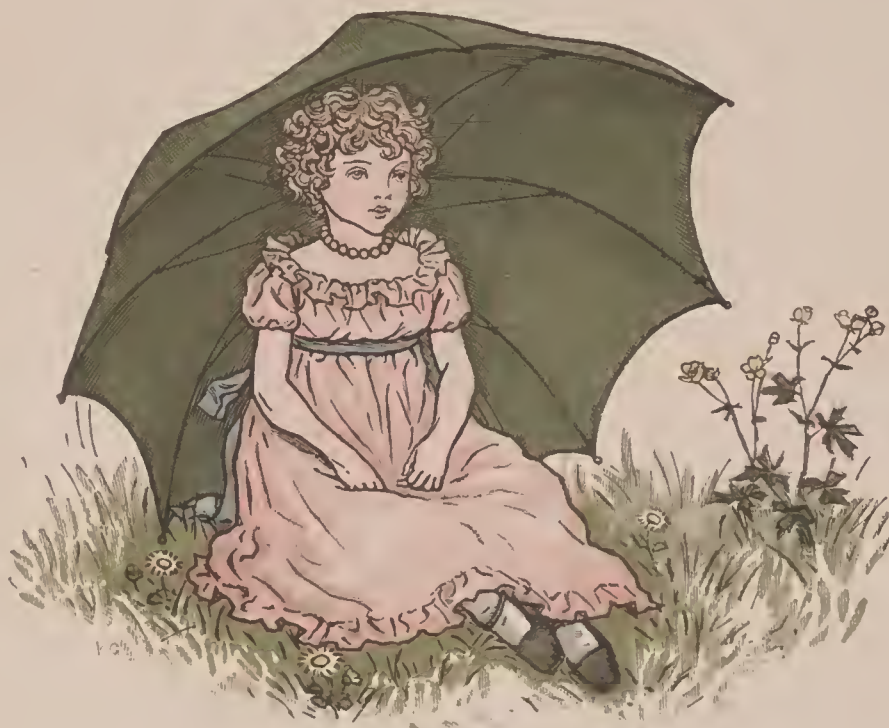




THE WEDDING BELLS.

THE Wedding Bells were ringing,  
And Monday was the day,  
And all the little ladies  
Were there so fresh and gay.

And up—up—up the steps they went,  
The wedding fine to see ;  
And the Roses were all for the Bride,  
So pretty—so pretty was she.



### THE LITTLE LONDON GIRL.

IN my little Green House, quite content am I,  
When the hot sun pours down from the sky ;  
For oh, I love the country—the beautiful country.  
Who'd live in a London street when there's the country?

I live in a London street, then I long and long  
To be the whole day the sweet Flowers among.  
Instead of tall chimney-pots up in the sky,  
The joy of seeing Birds and Dragon Flies go by.

At home I lie in bed, and cannot go to sleep,  
For the sound of cart-wheels upon the hard street ;  
But here my eyes close up to no sound of anything  
Except it is to hear the nightingales sing.

And then I see the Chickens and the Geese go walking ;  
I hear the Pigs and the Ducks all talking.  
And the Red and the Spotted Cows they stare at me,  
As if they wondered whoever I could be.

I see the little Lambs out with their mothers—  
Such pretty little white young sisters and brothers.  
Oh, I'll stay in the country, and make a daisy chain,  
And never go back to London again.





TO BABY.

OH, what shall my blue eyes go see ?

Shall it be pretty Quack-Quack to-day ?

Or the Peacock upon the Yew Tree ?

Or the dear little white Lambs at play ?

Say Baby.

For Baby is such a young Petsy,

And Baby is such a sweet Dear.

And Baby is growing quite old now—

She's just getting on for a year.



WILLY AND HIS SISTER.

WILLY said to his sister,  
“Please may I go with you?”  
She said, “You must behave  
Very nicely if you do.”

“Please will you take me then  
To look at the mill?”  
“Yes,” she said, “because you are  
So very good—I will.”

“The miller he is  
So very white and kind;  
And sprinkled all over  
With the flour they grind.

“And the big heaps of corn  
That lie upon the floor;  
He will let me play with those,  
I am quite sure.

“I like to hear the wheel  
Make such a rushing sound,  
And see the pretty water  
Go round, and round, and round.

“So take me to the mill,  
For then you shall see  
What a very, very good boy  
I really mean to be.”





### AT SCHOOL.

FIVE little Girls, sitting on a form,  
Five little Girls, with lessons to learn ;  
Five little Girls, who, I'm afraid,  
Won't know them a bit when they have to be said.

For little eyes are given to look  
Anywhere else than on their book ;  
And little thoughts are given to stray  
Anywhere—ever so far away.



### HAPPY DAYS.

“ARE you going next week to see Phillis and Phœbe?  
Phillis on Monday will be just fourteen.  
She says we shall all have our tea in the garden,  
And afterwards have some nice games on the green.

“ I wanted a new frock, but mother said, ‘ No,’  
So I must be content with my old one you see.  
But then white is so pretty, and kind Aunt Matilda  
Has sent down a beautiful necklace for me.”



“Oh, yes, I am going, and Peggy is going,  
And mother is making us new frocks to wear ;  
I shall have my red sash and my hat with pink ribbons—  
I know all the girls will be smart who are there.

“And then, too, we’re going to each take a nosegay—  
The larger the better—for Phillis to say  
That all her friends love her, and wish her so happy,  
And bring her sweet flowers upon her birthday.

“And won’t it be lovely, in beautiful sunshine,  
The table spread under the great apple tree,  
To see little Phillis—that dear little Phillis—  
Look smiling all round as she pours out the tea !”





### THE LITTLE QUEEN'S COMING.

WITH Roses—red Roses,  
We'll pelt her with Roses,  
And Lilies—white Lilies we'll drop at  
her feet ;  
The little Queen's coming,  
The people are running—  
The people are running to greet and  
to meet.

Then clash out a welcome,  
Let all the bells sound, come,  
To give her a welcoming proud and  
sweet.  
How her blue eyes will beam,  
And her golden curls gleam,  
When the sound of our singing rings  
down the street.



ON THE WALL TOP.

DANCING and prancing to town we go,  
On the top of the wall of the town we go.  
Shall we talk to the stars, or talk to the moon,  
Or run along home to our dinner so soon?





ON THE WALL TOP.

SO high—so high on the wall we run,  
The nearer the sky—why, the nearer the sun.  
If you give me one penny, I'll give you two,  
For that's the way good neighbours do.





KE

THE UNGRATEFUL LAMB.

NOW, Lamb, no longer naughty be,  
Be good, and homewards come with me.  
Or else upon another day  
You shall not with the daisies play.

Did we not bring you, for a treat,  
In the green grass to frisk your feet?  
And when we must go home again  
You pull your ribbon and complain.

So little Lamb be good once more,  
And give your naughty tempers o'er.  
Then you again shall dine and sup  
On daisy white and buttercup.





### TIP-A-TOE.

TIP-A-TOE,  
See them go ;  
One, two, three—  
Chloe, Prue, and me ;  
Up and down,  
To the town.  
A Lord was there,  
And the Lady fair.  
And what did they sing ?  
Oh, “ Ring-a-ding-ding ;”  
And the Black Crow flew off  
With the Lady’s Ring.





### MAMMAS AND BABIES.

“MY Polly is so very good,  
Belinda never cries ;  
My Baby often goes to sleep,  
See how she shuts her eyes.

“Dear Mrs. Lemon tell me when  
Belinda goes to school ;  
And what time does she go to bed ?”  
“Well, eight o'clock's the rule.

“But now and then, just for a treat,  
I let her wait awhile ;  
You shake your head—why, wouldn't  
you ?  
Do look at Baby's smile !

“Dear Mrs. Primrose will you come  
One day next week to tea?  
Of course bring Rosalinda, and  
That darling—Rosalie.”

“Dear Mrs. Cowslip, you *are* kind ;  
My little folks, I know,  
Will be so very pleased to come ;  
Dears—tell Mrs. Cowslip so.

“Oh, do you know—perhaps you’ve not  
heard—  
She had a dreadful fright ;  
My Daisy with the measles  
Kept me up every night.

“And then I’ve been so worried—  
Clarissa had a fit ;  
And the doctor said he couldn’t  
In the least account for it.”



MY LITTLE GIRLIE.

LITTLE girlie tell to me  
What your wistful blue eyes see?  
Why you like to stand so high,  
Looking at the far-off sky.

Does a tiny Fairy flit  
In the pretty blue of it?  
Or is it that you hope so soon  
To see the rising yellow Moon?

Or is it—as I think I've heard—  
You're looking for a little Bird  
To come and sit upon a spray,  
And sing the summer night away?





KG

THE CATS HAVE COME TO TEA.

WHAT did she see—oh, what did she see,  
As she stood leaning against the tree?  
Why, all the Cats had come to tea.

What a fine turn out—from round about,  
All the houses had let them out,  
And here they were with scamper and shout.

“Mew—mew—mew!” was all they could say,  
And, “We hope we find you well to-day.”

Oh, what should she do—oh, what should she do? She didn't know—oh, she didn't know,  
What a lot of milk they would get through; If bread and butter they'd like or no;  
For here they were with “Mew—mew—mew!” They might want little mice, oh! oh! oh!

Dear me—oh, dear me,  
All the cats had come to tea.





### THE TEA PARTY.

IN the pleasant green Garden  
We sat down to tea ;  
“Do you take sugar?” and  
“Do you take milk?”  
She'd got a new gown on—  
A smart one of silk.  
We all were as happy  
As happy could be,  
On that bright Summer's day  
When she asked us to tea.







### UNDER ROSE ARCHES.

UNDER Rose Arches to Rose Town—  
Rose Town on the top of the hill ;  
For the Summer wind blows and music goes,  
And the violins sound shrill.

Oh, Roses shall be for her carpet,  
And her curtains of Roses so fair ;  
And a Rosy crown, while far adown  
Floats her long golden hair.

Twist and twine Roses and Lilies,  
And little leaves green,  
Fit for a queen ;  
Twist and twine Roses and Lilies.

Twist and twine Roses and Lilies,  
And all the bells ring,  
And the people sing ;  
Twist and twine Roses and Lilies.



A GENTEEL FAMILY.

SOME children are so naughty,  
And some are very good ;  
But the Genteel Family  
Did always what it should.



They put on gloves when they went out,  
And ran not in the street ;  
And on wet days not one of them  
Had ever muddy feet.

Then they were always so polite,  
And always thanked you so ;  
And never threw their toys about,  
As naughty children do.

They always learnt their lessons  
When it was time they should ;  
And liked to eat up all their crusts—  
They were so very good.

And then their frocks were never torn,  
Their tuckers always clean ;  
And their hair so very tidy—  
Always quite fit to be seen.

Then they made calls with their mamma,  
And were so very neat ;  
And learnt to bow becomingly  
When they met you in the street.

And really they were everything  
That children ought to be ;  
And well may be examples now  
For little you—and me.





BABY MINE.

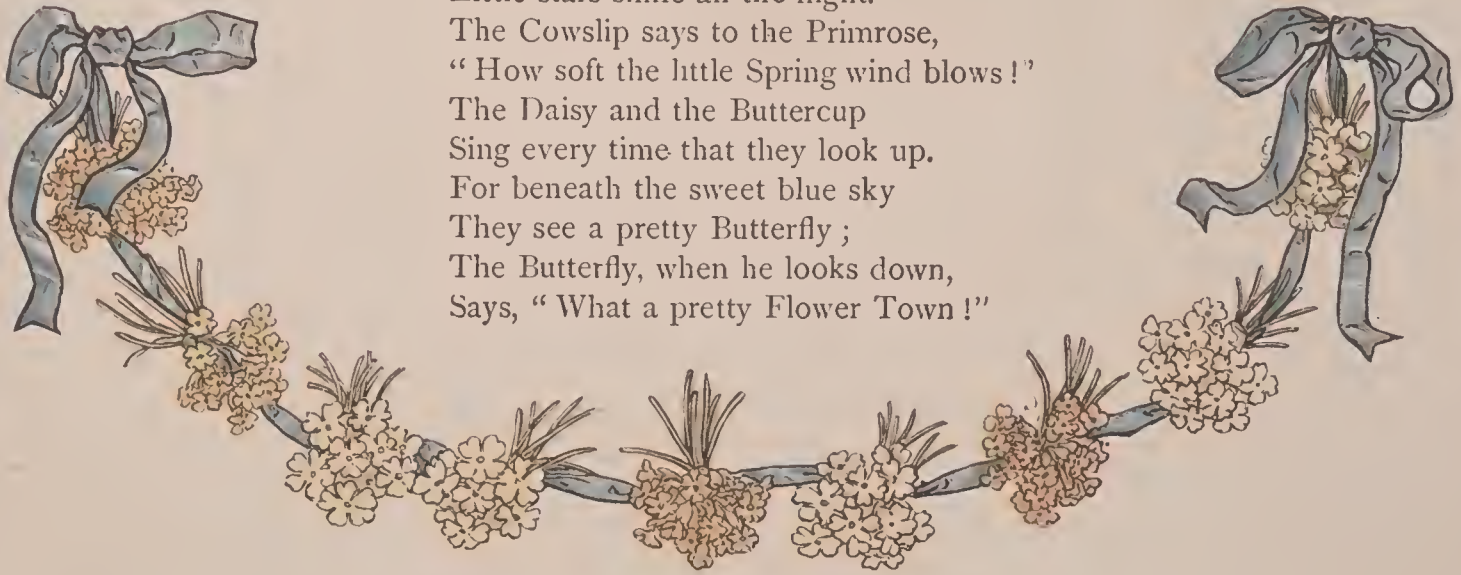
BABY mine, over the trees ;  
Baby mine, over the flowers ;  
Baby mine, over the sunshine ;  
Baby mine, over the showers.

Baby mine, over the land ;  
Baby mine, over the water.  
Oh, when had a mother before  
Such a sweet—such a sweet, little daughter !



LITTLE GIRLS AND LITTLE LAMBS.

IN the May-time flowers grow ;  
Little girls in meadows go ;  
Little lambs frisk with delight,  
And in the green grass sleep at night.  
Little birds sing all the day,  
Oh, in such a happy way !  
All the day the sun is bright,  
Little stars shine all the night.  
The Cowslip says to the Primrose,  
“ How soft the little Spring wind blows ! ”  
The Daisy and the Buttercup  
Sing every time that they look up.  
For beneath the sweet blue sky  
They see a pretty Butterfly ;  
The Butterfly, when he looks down,  
Says, “ What a pretty Flower Town ! ”







FROM WONDER WORLD.

OUT of Wonder World I think you  
come ;  
For in your eyes the wonder comes  
with you.

The stars are the windows of Heaven,  
And sometimes I think you peep  
through.

Oh, little girl, tell us do the Flowers  
Tell you secrets when they find you all  
alone ?

Or the Birds and Butterflies whisper  
Of things to us unknown ?

Or do angel voices speak to you so softly,  
When *we* only hear a little wind sigh ;  
And the peaceful dew of Heaven fall upon you,  
When *we* only see a white cloud passing by ?







### CHILD'S SONG.

THE King and the Queen were riding  
Upon a Summer's day,  
And a Blackbird flew above them,  
To hear what they did say.

The King said he liked apples,  
The Queen said she liked pears.  
And what shall we do to the Blackbird  
Who listens unawares.



MISS MOLLY AND THE LITTLE FISHES.

OH, sweet Miss Molly,  
You're so fond  
Of Fishes in a little Pond.  
And perhaps they're glad  
To see you stare  
With such bright eyes  
Upon them there.  
And when your fingers and your thumbs  
Drop slowly in the small white crumbs,  
I hope they're happy. Only this—  
When you've looked long enough, sweet miss,  
Then most beneficent young giver,  
Restore them to their native river.

THE LITTLE JUMPING GIRLS.



JUMP—jump—jump—  
Jump away  
From this town into  
The next, to-day.

Jump—jump—jump—  
Jump over the moon ;  
Jump all the morning,  
And all the noon.



Jump—jump—jump—  
Jump all night ;  
Won't our mothers  
Be in a fright?

Jump—jump—jump—  
Over the sea ;  
What wonderful wonders  
We shall see.

Jump—jump—jump—  
And leave behind  
Everything evil  
That we may find.

Jump—jump—jump—  
Jump far away ;  
And all come home  
Some other day.

RING-A-RING.

RING-A-RING of little boys,

Ring-a-ring of girls ;

All around—all around,

Twists and twirls.



You are merry children ;

“Yes, we are.”

Where do you come from ?

“Not very far.

“We live in the mountain,

We live in the tree ;

And I live in the river-bed,

And you won't catch me !”



### ON THE BRIDGE.

IF I could see a little fish—  
That is what I just now wish ;  
I want to see his great round eyes  
Always open in surprise.

I wish a water-rat would glide  
Slowly to the other side ;  
Or a dancing spider sit  
On the yellow flags a bit.

I think I'll get some stones to throw,  
And watch the pretty circles show.  
Or shall we sail a flower-boat,  
And watch it slowly—slowly float?

That's nice—because you never know  
How far away it means to go ;  
And when to-morrow comes, you see,  
It may be in the great wide sea.





### BALL.

ONE—two, is one to you ;  
One—two—three, is one to me.  
Throw it fast or not at all,  
And mind you do not let it fall.



FAIRY Blue Eyes,  
And Fairy Brown,  
And dear little Golden Curls,  
Look down.  
I say "Good-bye"—  
"Good-bye" with no pain—  
Till some happy day  
We meet again!









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# MARRIAGE GOLD GARDEN



BY  
KATE GREENAWAY